

ii

the flower is
the bird who eats
the fruit

knows

being eating knowing
be eat know

Ben, Larry's uncle, died last month:
May the bird who eats the seeds upon his grave
grow fat and fly south
to give us one more season.

3/14/68

BEWARE THE BEATLES ON REVOLVER
THEY'LL BLOW YOUR MIND
IN CIRCLES IN CIRCLES IN CIRCLES

7/12/68

your mind throbs against mine

and we are silent together
on the edge of the world
as we listen to our borders
make meaning of flesh

and we breathe in breathe out
as we make unmake the universe
in the many turnings of our
bodies making poems into bodies into poems
in the many turnings of our
minds making flesh into feeling into flesh

the shudder

of our trans
formation is the shift
onto the impossible

balance

we achieve
at the summit of our world
where in that great valley